FINES FOR WOMAN USURERS.

first convictions in the fight ON LOAN SHARKS.

Prisoners Pay \$200 Each-Worked for D. H. Tolman-Complainant Signed Notes for \$26 When He Borrowed \$17 -District Attorney After Others.

Two good looking young women were fined \$200 each in Special Sessions yesterday after having been convicted of usury. They gave the names of Martha Richardson and Leah Van Linda, but refused to give their

It was the first conviction of the kind since the amending of the usuary law in 1895, and the District Attorney's first success in his efforts, begun nearly a year ago, to break up the business of a half score of firms in this town which are making a practice of lending money at usurious rates to salaried em-

The young women were arrested some time ago in the office of D. H. Tolman, then located at 320 Broadway, on a complaint made to Assistant District Attorney Kresel by John Cox, a railroad brakeman living at 424 Grove street, Jersey City. Cox went to Tolman's office after having seen the following advertisement:

ing advertisement.

Money loaned salaried people, retail merchants, teamsters, boarding houses, without
peurity; largest business in forty-six principal cities. TOLMAN, 320 Broadway, 1181
Broadway, 373 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Broadway, 373 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Cox was met there and told to fill out certain blanks by the two young women who were fined yesterday. After some delay he got a loan of \$17, giving four notes for \$6.59 each in return, payable a month apart, and assigning his salary as security.

Justices Olmsted, McKeon ad Hinsdale were on the bench when the two women came up for sentence, yesterday Their were on the bench when the two women came up for sentence, yesterday Their iswyer, I. Henry Harris, offered to show letters from the pastor and the Sunday school superintendent of the church attended by Miss Van Linda testifying to her good character, and said that Magistrate Crane had known her since she was a little girl. He was told to keep the letters to himself. Justice Hinsdale protested against letting the prisoners off with a fine

to himself. Justice Hinsdale protested against letting the prisoners off with a fine, adding:
"I am in favor of imprisonment; not to
make it hard for these defendants, but as
a warning to others engaged in the same
kind of business."

Justice Offinisted said that the next person

convicted under the law would be sent to prison. The fines were paid at once by

Lawyer Harris.

There is a case now pending against Miss Van Linda. She was arrested in February, last year, together with Miss C. E. Beebe, another employee in the Tolman office, on the complaint of Hugh Nelson, superintendent of the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection Lawyer Harris. Company at 160 Broadway. Nelson told Mr. Kresel that he had paid the woman \$50 for a loan of \$225 for five months.

The prisoners were held by Justice Wyatt for trial in the Special Sessions Court. Then their lawyer got a writ of hapeas corpus. This was dismissed and the dismissal was upheld by the Appellate Division and

"It is this action of the highest court of the State which has enabled us to go ahead at last," said Mr. Kresel yesterday. "We have already a dozen complaints on hand, and more will be forthcoming. Most of the complaints are directed against the Tolman concern, but there are about ten In each case the principal keeps out of

sight entirely.

"When a man applies for a loan, he has to give his whole life history, including the addresses of his grocer, his butcher, his employer and at least two friends. If he fail in a payment, arrangements are made for the collection of the whole sum.

for the collection of the whole sum.

"The first step is to sent a warning to the tradesmen with whom the debtor is dealing, telling them to look out. His friends are approached next. The third

"You can easily see why these firms employ women instead of men. They don't have to insure the former against accidents. The last step is to call on the debtor's employer and demand the as-signed salary. This generally results in the discharge of the borrower. I know of several cases in which men have been

This man Tolman is doing a tremendous business. He has two offices in this city and one in Brooklyn. He may have others in other cities. His partner, I understand, is a woman who signs herself 'C. T.

much higher salaries than ordinary office employees in return for their willingness to disregard the unpleasant and rather harassing features of their work. The interest charged amounts as a rule to 100 per cent. or more a year."

SERVANT GIRLS UNION FORMING. Orange Domestics Getting Together to Make Certain Demands.

ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 8 .- A servant girls' union is being organized because the Woman's Club at a recent meeting discussed plans for forming an organization to prolect employers and provide for the educadon of young girls in the principles of domestic science. The domestics look upon this as a plot against them.

Miss Margaret Walsh, a labor organizer. has been inetown for some time and has, it is said, brought about a hundred women into the fold. The operations are carried on with great secrecy.

It is not known exactly what the new union will demand, but it is suggested that the following may cover their desires:

A minimum wage scale of \$25 per month. Eight hours to constitute a day's work Half a day off on Thursday and all day on

Mrs. Harry Bailey, president of the Woman's Club, was surprised to-day when the was told what a hornets' nest had been tirred up by the action of the club "Why, our club has taken absolutely no stand which would be inimical to the interests of servants," said Mrs. Bailey. "Our object is to form an association to help good girls to get good places. We want to form an association and a training school for girls where they will be taught domestic science and be made to feel the standard of the science and be made to feel the standard of the science and be made to feel the standard of the science and be made to feel the science and the science a

actence and be made to feel that they can enter domestic service with perfect self-respect. If these women have placed a wrong construction on our motives I amsorry, but it is one of the things we will be called upon to combat, and I suppose we must do it." Mrs. Albert O. Field of East Orange, a prominent clubwoman and a member of the Woman's Club, declared that present conditions were intolerable.

"My servants are all right and I have had no trouble myself, you know," Mrs. Field said hastily, "but there are others. Why, have many friends who have been forced to break up housekeeping in Orange because of the servant problem. I am sure, however, that it is not the intention of the Woman's Club to antagonize the servants. Woman's Club to antagonize the servants, don't think it would be well to give that sion. The club will, I am sure, middle course and be just to both and employer.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE EXTENSION. Engineer Nelson Wants It Carried Out to

Celebrate the Hudson's Discovery. Nelson P. Lewis, chief engineer of the Board of Estimate, in a report on the local improvements of Mayor Low's administration, says that the most important one which has been authorized is the Riverside Drive extension. This he hopes will be carried across the Dyckman street valley to Inwood Heights and then across Spuyten Duyvil Creek to The Bronx by bridges are street to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the discovery

MATTHIESSEN ART SALE Begun With an Accident to the Agottoness

-Bargains of the First Day. Just as James P. Silo, the auctioneer, was starting a sale of the art collection of the late Mrs. Frederick O. Matthiesser in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries yesterday afternoon, a mass of snow and ice slid down from the roof of the New York Club, next door, and fell with a crash on a skylight directly over his head, sending down upon him and a number of women bargain hunters a rain of broken glass. For ar instant there were signs of a panic, but Mr. Silo, with the presence of mind which is part of the auctioneer's stock in trade.

When the crash came he was knocking down a small engraved pitcher, lot No. 1 in the catalogue, "Going, going"----he was saying. Then the glass fell. "Gone he announced decisively, clapping a handkerchief to his bald spot and wiping away a thin streak of blood.

a thin streak of blood.

There were no other injuries and Mr. Silo, after cracking a few jokes about his "wound" and getting every one in hilarious mood, went on with the sale. There was another slight accident later on, when a decorated porcelain table, already partly broken, toppled over and smashed several lots of china.

Practically all the lots sold yesterday were odds and ends and were picked up at small prices by persons in search of bargains. The attendance was large, however, and was taken by the auctioneer and his assistants as an augury for keen bidding and good prices when the really choice articles of the collection are reached.

The total amount realized from the 250 lots disposed of was only \$1,150.60. The highest price of the day, \$48, was paid for a crystal cordial set, which went to a woman dealer after spirited bidding.

crystal cordial set, which went to a woman dealer after spirited bidding.

James J. Coogan picked up a number of things, among them two Barotine vases for \$24, a Royal Worcester teapot for \$9, an oak and embossed leather dining set of twelve pieces for \$28 and a large Doulton

of twelve pieces for \$28 and a large Dounton vase for \$18.

One of the day's best bargains was a rolltop, black walnut desk, which went to John Getz, a commissioner, for \$15. Dr. Homer Gibney gathered in a few pieces of bric-a-brac and odds and ends at trifling cost. The sale will continue at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

FIREMAN, SPARE THAT HORSE! West End Avenue Witnesses an Exhibition

of S. P. C. A. Heroics. Folks up in West End avenue had a great exhibition of zeal yesterday on the part of a woman, benevolent and portly, whose aim in life is to prevent cruelty to animals,

The engine company in West Seventyseventh street spent the greater part of the day going around to frozen hydrants and thawing them out. A hydrant in West End avenue near Seventy-ninth street was

the last one on the list. When the job ther: was over the horses vere so fagged out from pulling the engine through drifts that they refused to budge. Somebody had thrown a left over Christ mas tree into the street near the hydrant. The firemen puiled off twigs of the cedar and tried to tickle the horses into moving. That was when the woman got into action.

She had seen the tapping of the horses with the twigs from her bay window, a block away, and she bore down to the rescue. "Men, men, " sne exclaimed from the curb

"Men, men," sne exclaimed from the curb
"you must not, you shall not, beat the
dumb beasts with trees."

The firemen kept on tapping because
the horses showed an inclination to lie
down in the snow and give up hauling
engines for all time.

"Mother, come home; don't make an
exhibition of yourself. They can't hurt
the horses with those little dry twigs."
said a young woman who had followed the
friend of the horse down the block.

"I am a member of the Society and I

venter, in the middle distance was another maid running with a hood and shawl, while a man servant was leaving the house with an umbrella. They were all headed for the lady of the large heart.

She kept her vigil for an hour, exclaiming at intervals of two minutes: "Men, that will do, that will do. You must not hit them again"

them again Finally the firemen gave up the struggle and sent for a team of fresh horses. The woman went home and the fun was over.

BRAVE RESCUE OF SICK WOMAN. Mrs. Pirro, Carried From Burning Building,

Gives Birth to a Dead Child. Fire started about 7 o'clock last night in the store of Maurice Pelz & Bro., who occupy the ground floor of the six story tenement at 214 Canal street. Before the firemen put out the flames the entire store

was cleaned out. In the five floors above the store live twenty families. Policeman Murphy ran into the building and drove the tenants to the roof, and from there they got to the ground by way of the house next door. When Murphy returned to the sidewalk it was discovered that Domenica Pirro, who

was about to be confined, was still on the

was about to be confined, was still on the second floor. Murphy ran up the stairway, which by this time was ablaze, followed by Fireman Poggi of Engine 35 and Driver Buckley of Engine 31. They found the woman helpless in bed.

Wrapping her in a blanket, they carried her downstairs, keeping her as near to the floor as possible on account of the dense smoke. She was taken to the corner drug store, where she gave birth to a dead child almost immediately. She was taken to the Lying-In Hospital at Seventeenth street and Second avenue.

treet and Second avenue.

The building was afire two years ago, when two women lost their lives by jumping from the roof and three men were killed by explosions in the factory next door.

THINK HE'S THE FAKE PRINCE. Man Arrested in Toronto for Debt One

Who Deceived Countess Russell. TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 8.-There is no longer any doubt that the young Englishman arrested here a few days ago for hotel debts under the name of Archibald Edward Stuart is William Brown, who married the Countess Russell under the name of Prince Athrobald Stuart de Modena, being identified subsequently as plain William Brown, son of a coachman. Among the letters found upon the prisoner is one from England addressed, "My dear Archie," signed "Bob," and the significant phrase, "Your wife, the Countess of Russell," occurs in it.

The prisoner's counsel, T. C. Robinatto.

The prisoner's counsel, T. C. Robinette, K. C., has cabled the solicitor of Countess Russell and Robert Roskell of Gray's Inn, London, and an answer is expected Stuart declined to answer questions.

BOER ARRESTED FOR THEFT. A. R. De Wall Says That He Is a Nephew of Com Paul.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 8.-A man who says he is A. R. De Wall, who has been travelling over the State lecturing on the Boer war, was arrested at Frankfort to-day and taken to Lafayette charged with larceny.
De Wall is a typical Boer and says he is
a nephew of Paul Kruger, the former President of the Boer Republic.
He is charged with robbing a Lafayette

saloon keeper, but indignantly denies it. He says he served all through the war different Generals, among them being Botha and DeWet.

Exhibition of Old Porcelain.

A small loan collection of old porcelain has been put on free exhibition at the Manor House in Van Cortlandt Park. The exhibition began yesterday and will continue about two months. It is under the management of several Colonial Dames. NEW BOOKS.

He Trounced the Fourth George. It is pleasant from the shore to watch the ships laboring in the tempest. The reader sitting snug will be grateful for the storm that rages in the opening part of Aubrey Lanston's story "The Harvesters" (R. H. Russell). In the ancient town of Oxford on a November night in the year 1800 the wind blew so hard that it rang the church bells. "The cloaks of pedestrians flapped behind like fluttering flags, or stood out before like the bellied sails of some hard pressed sloop, and over ell hissed a biting rain." The streets were rivers and the roads were bogs. Lord Rurbeck, who arrived at the Star and Garter, in Castle street "drenched to the skin and half frozen, his postillions whimpering and with chattering teeth, his horses splashed to the withers and his coach a monstrosity in mud," testified that the weather was enough to kill a sheep dog.

Evil conditions for varnished boots, t may be thought, but the Hon. Donald Baxcombe's eloquent man servant was still faithful in his loving work. If Ouida herself had attended to the Hon. Donald's boots it is not likely that she could have done any better. Champagne bottles seem to have been called flasks in the year 1800; at any rate, young Donald ordered his man o uncork a "flask" of champagne (the brand is named-a brand much advertised in these days) and to lay out his "second best frock of blue broadcloth, his yellow waistcoat and his nankeen breeches. Thereafter we find Donald's man expressing the sentiments of his loyal soul in this distinctly peculiar fashion:

"Hi tell you, sir," he said, as he drew on Donald's superb boots, "hit'll be ha precious long toime before Hi gets hanother marster loike you, sir, Lor bless you! You can see your face hin them boots you can that. Look hat 'em, sir, now. Hit's hall hin the wine hand the polishing; hand 'ow many young gents his there wot gives their boots the syme stuff they put their mouths? 'Ow many shines 'em with stuff 'at costs ten bob ha---Here Donald interrupted with some natural protest, but his faithful servitor was strong to continue. "Hi know, sir; but 'ow many do, sir, has a fact? Five bottle this dye, three for your 'onor hand two for then

Donald tore himself away from this strong conversationalist and went forth into the storm. His nankeen smallclothes could hardly have been suited to the weather Chills must have invaded his person, but he stopped at a tavern for another "flask' of champagne (a rarely cheerful drink in time of cold and storm), whereafter he was quite happy, though "the rain lashed his ace and the wind played havoc with his flounced cape coat," and his boots could

no longer have been a shining ornament. He eloped with the lovely Miss Starke. They were married surreptitiously and rregularly, and then were married over again in appropriate fashion in the chape of Baxcembe Hall. On this last occasion the welkin did something that we have often heard of its doing, it rang. The story says: "The chapel lay eloquently peaceful and still. Then the welkin in the tower rang out in mellow clang-a new Lady Baxcombe had come to her own." A great place, Baxcombe Hall, and a pretty ine thing to have a welkin in the chapel tower-a private, family welkin, ready to ring whenever they pulled the rope.

The plot of the story hinges upon the fact that the young wife was determined friends are approached next. The third friends are approached next. The third step is to send a young woman to dun the man himself in his home. This she does by calling out at the top of her voice when he or his wife appears at the door.

"Why don't you pay the money you owe us?"

"I am a member of the Society and I know my duty, child," replied her mother.

Just then a maid arrived from the house with a pair of rubbers for the cruelty preventer, in the middle distance was another wait, while with a pair of rubbers for the cruelty preventer, in the middle distance was another wait, while with a pair of rubbers for the cruelty preventer, in the middle distance was another wait, while with a pair of rubbers for the cruelty preventer, in the middle distance was another wait, while was a girl was neither vain, visionary nor weak. Her russet curls and retrousse not to make herself cheap to her husband. nose she accepted at their proper valuation. A certain charm of manner, the pretty shoulders and neatly turned ankles were so much capital, and she was determined to bend every energy to their investment.

Out of this plan she managed to evolve much trouble. She loved her husband. The nankeen smalls and the varnished boots were not overlooked by her. It says on page 87: "She watched him from under her heavy lashes. In his blue frock, nankeen breeches and gleaming boots he seemed worthy of her." She had no liking for Prince George, and when that dissolute man kissed her he had to use force, though her husband, who caught him at the business, did not know it.

John Brodie was glad when Nicholas Nickleby licked the schoolmaster, and the reader will rejoice at what happened to the fourth of the Georges (page 192). The Prince had seized Lady Baxcombe, who had asked him to go away and not to come again, and stood with his arms about her She gave no sign, made no effort to escape, but with closed eyes and white, wan face awaited him. She felt his arms tighten: the cold star on his breast pressed into her bosom; his lips fastened upon hers and held there. Then, as she was about to swoon, she was suddenly released. At the same moment the Prince cursed; there was a scuffle and a heavy fall. 'You hound! snarled her husband's well known voice." "Something doing," as some of us say

nowadays. Byron was speering with no want of bitterness when he spoke of "George the triumphant," on a certain occasion. Certainly the "First Gentleman" was not triumphing just now. He tried to reestab lish himself. We read further: "From the corner into which he had been flyng, the Prince arose, livid. In his hand glistened the pocket pistol which he always carried,

and with reason. " 'Stand aside, sir!' he said determinedly to the half crazed man who stood, with folded arms, barring the way.

" 'Oh, God!' cried the girl [i. e., Lady Baxcombel. 'Stand aside, sir' said the Prince again "Baxcombe, with panther eyes, was measuring the distance between them. A shot rang out. The stench of powder filled the room, and through the smoke the girl saw that her husband had George by the throat and was slowly throttling him; then she swooned.

"The Prince was a man of strength and battled for his life. Around the room they squirmed, upsetting the chocolate The china broke to fragments [as china will when it is harshly dealt with]. By great effort the Prince slipped from the tenacious fingers, but Baxcombe, catching him under the shoulders, flung him across the room again. With a sickening thud the Prince's head struck the door jamb and a rivulet of blood coursed down the turkey carpet."

Donald escaped to France, where he painted a famous picture of his wife. The Prince was not greatly injured, though it is quite likely that he felt for some time as though he had a welkin in his head and it was ringing objectionable tunes. Although the story is silent upon the point. we venture on our own authority to say that the door jamb was not injured, that the sickening thud died away in the usual manner of sounds, and that the carpet came back from the renovator's as good as new. Donald's man testified character-istically of the encounter: "There was a

pistol shot hand scuffling hand then Hi

'eard ha fall; then the tyble went hover, hand my marster cyme hout." A jewel of a man, with very astonishing jewels of speech. Six men-of-war were sent after Donald. As he was in Paris, and they could not sail very far up the Seine, they never got him. He and Lady Baxcombe came to be happy at last. There is probably a reason why the story is called "The Harvesters." We do not know it.

A pathetic introduction describing the difficulties under which were written the verses in "Footprints on the Sands of Time," by Mrs. Mary Shaw Baker (Richard G. Badger), disarms all criticism. They are such as a gentle soul in a country village, with little knowledge of the world, might write, and a good deal better than might be expected, considering the circumstances. We quote part of an address to Woodville, Mississippi

Gem-like gleams the little city Set amid the grand old trees, Glad with bird song and the freshness Of the Gulf's sweet southern breeze.

Long ago in early, girlhood

Here I came across the sea, Sad-alone, and doubly orphaned, Seeking work and hope in thee. Fifty years, with all their changes.

Moments swift and moments slow, I have passed—still working, waiting In life's panoramic show We regret that we cannot give a specimen of Mr. John M. Morse's long epic in "Anacaona, and Other Poems" (The Grafton Press), of which the sub-title is "Xaragua's Golden Flower." An extract

of more homely character must do: The drunkard asleep, on his pallet of straw, Heeds not the low sobs of the wife at his side! He sleeps unconcerned, tho' the arm of the law. The love and devotion were ever around him, The demon of drink fast in fetters has bound him

Among the great minds that are worrying over the absolute lonesomeness and isolation of the individual soul is that apparently of Mr. Ben Field, who, in "Poems (Richard G. Badger), gives us this sign of the ultimate:

I stood on an Island sea beach. No other soul was there. Save the soul of the island sleeping. And the soul of God in the all

The beach was long and lonely And my soul was lonely, to No being gave me greeting, But above the sea birds flew.

There is an attractive audacity in the title, "A Spray of Cosmos," given by Augusta Cooper Bristol to her poems (Richard G. Badger); it suggests others like "a sprig of infinity" or "a dash of eternity." From this spray we pluck part of a leaf of passion: Had he kissed me my cheek would have brightened And throbbed into opalline glow-

Ever more into opalline glow; Nor ever have softened with wasting, Or fading again into snow; But constant through shadow And ways that are darkened with fears, Would have held that one kiss-That full moment of bilss-An aurora through all coming years.

We confess that we do not know what this means but that is probably because it is cosmical.

The decorative pictures by Mrs. Sanders to Mr. Charles Francis Sanders's "In a Poppy Garden" are very good and much preferable to the poems. These have the merit of being few and short, besides that of perfect respectability. One must do for the rest: On silent field and woodland lies the snow

The shroud of Flora dead? Thou blind, not so; For, lo, set thick on leafless shrub and tree Buds of spring's bourgeoning that's soon to bet So friendship's silences-replete with hidden power, Anon to issue in fair deeds, as buds in flower.

Persistency is a jewel to which Mr. Louis M. Elshemus clings Scenes" (Eastman Lewis, New York) is the third or fourth portly volume of his verse that has come to our hands, testimony of industry, if not of poetic genius. The volume is decorated with pictures from paintings by Mr. Elshemus himself, showing that all the arts are tributary to him. His allegorical nudes are startling, so as to attract even more attention than the poems they illustrate. At the end we find a complimentary poem to Mr. Elshemus, after the pleasing Elizabethan fashion, by Mr. C. H. Collins of Hillsboro,

Ohio, who says of him, among other things: Thou art indeed a true Cosmopolite. You hold the key, the open ses-a-me, The mystic Cabala to the clouds and air But the reader will be better able to judge from specimens of Mr. Elshemus's

own muse. A verse descriptive of the Siwa dance in Samoa: They bend their bodies to and fro Their arms and legs move strange, and wild!
"Clack! clack!" they clap their hands in row;

Then rice they, as if they were riled Their limbs and bodies, while theh shouts the hot alr rend.

Then, turning to Europe and to art, we have a Roman studio: Within a building old. I found a room to-day.

This room is all of stone Tac ceiling out of boards o f wood alone, And here I am to while away The slient hours with no one nigh.

Ah, yea! for I'm alone—and would prefer to die Mr. Elshemus did not yield to his preference, however, and as a substitute offers

these verses. Flowers for the Garden.

Though the blasts and snows of midwinter are around us, horticultural minds are bent no doubt on plans for the coming spring, two months off, if we may believe the almanac. Those thinking of hotbeds and early sowing and crocus beds and so on, if they doubt their own knowledge and seek advice. can turn with confidence to "How to Make a Flower Garden" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Many experts have been called in to make up the book; their advice is practical above all things, and it ranges from the little box window garden to the laying out of formal gardens. In the three appendices is condensed an admirable summary of helpful, practical garden lore, in which everything confusing is left out. There are a great many illustrations and the price is very moderate.

Other Books.

An impossible task has been undertaken by Mr. Francis H. E. Palmer in "Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Even if limited to the German and the Magyar subjects of the Hapsburg monarchy, there would be barely room for an intelligible description in a 300 page volume. When the score of other nationalities, each with charac teristics and customs and a life of its own is included we flounder in the same sort of muddle that the politics of the Reicherath presents. The information can only be scrappy and the generalizations dangerous. Still, Mr. Palmer throws light on some parts of the Austrian tangle, and for any glimmer of light outsiders will feel grateful

Mr. Edward Jenks wisely limits himself in his "Parliamentary England" in "The Story of the Nations" series (G. P. Putnam's Sons) to "The Evolution of the Cabinet System." His aim seems to have been to write a popular history, and his book is very readable. It will have to be read with a good deal of caution, however, by PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.

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VERDICT IN

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N. Y. Tribune: "The reader will not want to put the book down until he has reached the last page. Well written into the bar-gain." N. Y. Mail & Express: "Worth reading . . . ingenious without violating probability."

Springfield Republican: "Unusually clever." Boston Transcript: "Developed with novelty and originality . . . may be heartily com-mended." Literary World: "Novel and refreshing.

It is through the clear head and common sense of a young clerk in a rising lawyer's office, and not through any remarkable and bizarre deductions and discoveries of mythical sleuth hound that the mists cleared up. . . Many ingenious

Boston Herald: "An absorbing story full of adventure and originality. Chicago Record-Herald: "Conan Doyle and Anna Katharine Green have a worthy rival in Burton E. Stevenson." Chicago Evening Post: "Well told . . . will

Washington Post: "Extremely clever." Washington Star: "Calculated to keep the reader steadily at the pages to the end. Cleveland Plaindealer: "A particularly good story of its class." Detroit Free Press: "Really in-

Henry Holt & Co.

WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK. students, like Green's History, which seems

to be Mr. Jenks's model. There are some well described episodes of country life and of battle in "Tamarack Farm," by George Scott (The Grafton Press), and much that is trivial and inane. The book may be autobiographical, which would be an explanation. There is no excuse, however, for relating a brutal story of slaughtering helpless deer, or some war

episodes. Wars must be looked at from many points of view. That taken by Lieut.-Col. Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A., in "The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia 1861-1865,"
(The Neale Publishing Company), is unusual. His idea is an excellent one. Taking a distinct section of the debatable land in the civil war, that in which, perhars, there were more fighting and more picturesque episodes than any other, he tells of the operations of the two armies as they swept up and down the valley. With Stonewall Jackson and Phil Sheridan on either side, the narrative cannot lack

xcitement That useful manual for all matters relating to the Episcopal Church, "Whittaker's Churchman's Almanac and Parochial Register," comes to us for the year 1904 (Thomas Whittaker). Besides the lists of the clergy and churches and of the various institutions and publications maintained by the Church, there will be found interesting statements about missions and some

general statistics. A Government report of great general interest and of wider importance than is ndicated by the title is that of the commission appointed to investigate "The Improvement of the Park System of the District of Columbia," a report edited by Mr. Charles Moore (Government Printing Office. Washington). The commissioners were Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmstead, Jr., Charles F. McKim and Augustus St. Gaudens. What such authorities have to say about parks and municipal adornment is worthy of attention, and while the specific problem before them was Washington, a great deal of the report is just as

applicable to other cities.

"Theatres: Their Safety from Fire and Panic; Their Comfort and Healthfulness." William Paul (Bates and Gulld Company, Bos "Aeross the San Juan Mountains." T. A. Rick ard. (The Engineering and Mining Journal.)
"Our Astrological Birthday Book." Dr. J. Phelps. (Goldthwalte Publishing House, Chicago.) "The Real St. Francis of Assist." Fr. Pascha "Cotton Facts: December, 1903." Alfred hepperson. (Alfred B. Shepperson, New York.)
"Singoalla." Viktor ltydberg, translated by Axel Josephsson. (The Grafton Press.)

Musicale at Mrs. W. D. Sloane's.

Mrs. William Douglas Sloane of 2 West Fifty-second street gave a musicale in her ballroom yesterday afternoon. Mr. Warren gave selections on the organ.
M. Gilibert, the barytone, sang, Miss
Martina Johnston played on the violin,
Charles Schuetze on the harp and Louis
Heine on the 'cello.

"A LIVE BOOK."

"Simplicity, sympathetic charm, ethical power and dramatic sense." -Review of Reviews.

By KATRINA TRASK. Author of "Under King Constantine," etc. 12mo. Gilt top. Net \$1.10. (By mail \$1.20).

"Amid the mass of present day fiction, this novel of perfect English, of vital characters of philosophy broad and deep. shines out like a Greek temple among the inchoate architecture of a modern city.

tained by few-created a most masculine man and at the same time a delightfully feminine woman."-N. Y. Times.

She has done a thing at-

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

"A gem."-Utica Observer.

New York and London. NO CROSS FOR BISHOP GREER.

And if He Needs an Official Ring, He Says He Has One That Will De. The Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, Protestant Episcopal Coadjutor Bishop-elect, has upset some plans by his refusal to have an episcopal ring and a pectoral cross. The custom s to give to Bishops, when consecrated,

these adornments. Often the ring is of When Dr. Greer was asked about these things he replied that he owned a ring already, and if it was necessary for a Bishop to have a ring he could use this one, although never wore it. Bishop Potter has such a ring, but it is

Bishop Potter has such a ring, but it is so heavy that he rarely wears it. Usually he keeps it in his pocket.

The pectoral cross, the Rev. Dr. Greer said, he would not have or wear. Bishop Potter owns such a cross and usually carries it in his pocket. At only two churches in the city does he ever put it on. Then he pins it to his vestments. The two churches are San Salvatore Mission in Bleecker street. are San Salvatore Mission in Bleecker street where Italians, former Roman Catholics, attend, and St. Philip's; the colored parish

in West Twenty-fifth street. GEYER MAY PAY \$5,000 MORE. Has Aiready Paid \$8,000 Forfeited Ball for Passale Anarchists.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 8 .- Presscutor Emley, of Passaic county moved before Judge Scott to-day that a judgment be entered and an execution issued against Philip Geyer for \$5,000, Geyer's bonds for the appearance of the Anarchists Rudolph Grossman and William MacQueen,

Hudolph Grossman and William MacQueen, the inciters of last year's silk riots. Geyer has paid \$8,000 to the county on forfeited bail bonuses of the Anarchists.

MacQueen is in England. A letter of his that appeared in an English paper recently upholds his stand of not remaining in Paterson and serving out the three year sentence imposed upon him. He also takes considerable pride in the fact that Geyer was not secured.

Geyer is a wine merchant. He went on the Anarchists' bonds at the instance of

the Anarchists' bonds at the instance of his son, a lawyer, who was counsel for the Dance Given by Mrs. H. P. Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney gave dance at their home, 2 West Fifty-seventh street, last night. Mrs. Whitney received her guests in the salon at the corner of Fifth avenue, and dancing began in the ballroom, trimmed with pink roses and palms, at 10 o'clock. Supper was served at midnight, and afterward a cotflion was canced. It was led by Worthington Whitehouse. PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER BOOK NOTES

Booth Tarkington's CHERRY

That the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" has gained a firm bold on the public fancy is proved by the general interest in Cherry. It is a delightful romance of an American Christmas time one hundred years ago,-with one beroine and two heroes, a great deal of outright laughter and some real excitement, combining to make the brightest, cleanest, most entertaining tale imaginable.

DR. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE

A leading English review ranks Mrs. Deland at the forefront of her class, with Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell. Her Old Ches'er Tales made innumerable friends a year ago. In this new volume the gracious old village clergyman, more seasoned in his quaint humor and gentle sympathy, appears again, to take his leading part in the simple romances and comedies and tragedies of Chester Village.

Hamlin Garland's HESPER

A story that breathes the spirit of the wilder West in every chapter. The author of " The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," has hit upon a startlingly original plot. Hesper, born and bred in the midst of New York's most conventional social circles, finds her lot suddenly cast in the roughest sort of a little Western mining town. There is a miner's war, thrilling in its details, and the wooing of a cowboy lover,—all tending to upset her most cherished traditions. A fascinating tale is the result,

MAIDS OF **PARADISE**

The latest and best romance from the pen of America's first romancer. R. W. Chambers, this is a story of the Franco-Prussian War. The hero is an American in the French secret service; the heroine a young Countess whose emotional love for the people has made her a plaything in the hands of the Socialists. The two motife of love and war are developed as none but this author knows how to do. There is enough exciting

plot to make several ordinary books. THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE

In most timely fashion, when an Eastern war is imminent, comes this book by Senator Albert J. Beveridge. The author prepared his manuscript on the scene of Russia's greatest activity. He has lately traveled the length of Siberia, and has met men high in Oriental authority and questioned them freely. The book is authoritative as well as timely, and is of remarkable interest to all who pay any attention to world-affairs.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Frankiin Square, New York.

TO MOVE AN SO-TON BOULDER. It Is to Be Placed in a Syracuse Cemetery

as a Memorial to Jacob Crouse. SYRACUSE, Jan. 8 .- The Croues estate et a contract to-day to move an eighty-ton "hard head" boulder intact from Split Rock to this city, a distance of six miles. This immense boulder is to be placed in Oakwood Cemetery as a memorial to the late Jacob Crouse, the millionaire, who donated the John Crouse College of Fine Arts to the Syracuse University. The scheme proposed to move the boulder is to build a special cradle on strong runners and draw it with thirty teams of horses. Sleigh loads of snow will follow the rock steigh loads of show will follow the rock to be dumped on bridges and bare places. The greatest problems will be in shoring up the bridges and holding the weight back down hill.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Deliverance By ELLEN GLASGOW

Author of "The Battle-ground" and

"The Voice of the People."

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